

into the daylight of a new and grander era of the world, and proved himself conqueror of death, hell and the grave. The gates of hell did not prevail.

Just 50 days after, Peter stood up with the other apostles and hurled a stream of burning eloquence against the consciences of those who had slain the Lord of Glory, until the air was rent with the heart-piercing cry, "Men and brethren what shall we do to be saved." But the evil one was going to die hard. Step by step he contended for every inch of ground. The brave apostles, in obedience to the great commission, scattered amongst the surrounding nations, and became the targets for the poisoned shafts of envy and hatred that were hurled from the pit of eternal despair. One morning a large crowd assembled at a certain place. See they strip themselves of their outward garments. A circle is formed. They lead a young man into their midst. The crowd look at his bold and fearless attitude. They knit their brows in anger. See, they have something in their hands! They are waiting for a signal. The young man kneels, and looking up he boldly expresses his faith in the crucified Son of God. The pent-up feelings of devilish hatred could no longer be curbed. A shower of cruel stones are hurled at the kneeling form. He sinks to the ground. His countenance lightens up with the grand hope that fills his soul, and at last under the continued showers of hatred his soul takes its flight, as the lips murmur, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." Thus died the first Christian martyr Stephen. Others soon followed and ascended in the golden chariot of martyr fire. Satan and his satallites rejoiced over the victory. But the promise of God still existed, and although the gates of hell were hurled with superhuman force, there was no fear that they would prevail. God still reigned.

Years rolled on. The Son of God was lifted up by brave souls, who feared neither punishment nor death. When Rome sat in all her pomp and power on the throne of the world, she little thought that right under her feet, in the bowels of the earth, the followers of the Nazarene were keeping up the worship of God in the world-renowned catacombs. The gates of hell could not prevail. The spark of true worship slumbered and was kept alive right under the very nose of persecution. In a few years this very Rome bowed to the yoke of Christ.

One day Julian the apostate made a threat that he would annihilate the Christian religion. He gathered his troops together, and was making preparation to put his threat into execution. On the very day of the contemplated massacre, news came from a far-off province that there was a revolt against his power. The assembled troops instead of killing the Christians, were marched to the distant province to quell the rebellion. In the first battle Julian received a fatal wound, and as he lay in the battlefield, his life blood oozing from his veins, he filled the palm of his hand with blood, and throwing it up defiantly into the face of God, he cried, "Thou hast conquered, Oh thou Galilean! So again the gates of hell did not prevail.

During the dark ages when superstition, ignorance and priestcraft swayed the sceptre of cruelty and threatened to obliterate every principle of right, and it seemed as if the powers of darkness—the gates of hell were about to rule the church. Then a lonely, obscure monk unfurled the banner of gospel liberty. The fire of truth was only smouldering, and the spark was soon fanned into a flame, and the fires of a great revolution soon burned throughout the darkened nations of a benighted and false Christianity. The Reformation spread and leaped across the waters and climbed the mountains. His Satanic majesty built dungeons, forged chains and kindled martyr fires, but the fires of truth could not be extinguished, and the gates of hell did not prevail. The Lord Jesus Christ was lifted up.

So it has ever been, and we know it will always be. A few presumptuous infidels intoxicated with vanity, conceit and devilment, imagine they can stop the wheels of the gospel. They put forth their hand and lay hold of the spokes, but they forgot that behind our glorious gospel stand the legions of heaven. They are thrown to the earth, and one by one they suffer ignominious defeat. As they wallow in the filth and mud of their dis-

comfiture and rail out their threats and venom of hate. They would have people mistake this for shouts of victory. They do not see, blinded as they are with their devilish hate, that the old gospel car goes on and has left them in the mud.

The white wings of divine love are spread, and the dove of heavenly peace is flying over the earth and lighting upon all the nations of the earth. We have seen how the Lord lifted up, has drawn all nations unto him. Look at Madagascar, Japan, the Cannibal Islands of the South Sea. What a revolution has taken place! A few years ago the Queen of Madagascar drove the missionaries of the gospel into the sea. Now they are received with open arms, and this island governed by a Christianized monarch is numbered amongst the civilized nations of the earth. Islands that were avoided by travellers for fear of being captured and eaten by the cannibal inhabitants, have been captured for Christ. Jesus has been lifted up and they have fallen into the ranks of Christian civilization. Yes, glory to God, the power of Jesus is being felt and the higher he is lifted the more is being accomplished.

Why is it America, England, Germany and other Christian nations are taking the lead? America only in its infancy, holds its head above all other nations. Why is this? China and the East Indies claim to be civilized countries before the existence of the Western world. Yet they are grovelling in superstition and are only considered semi-civilized. What is the reason? Jesus has been lifted up. The constitution and laws that govern this nation are based upon the law of heaven. Let us refuse to lift up Christ and we will soon sink down from our high estate, and be swept from our position in the civilized world.

But this is only general. The lifting up of Christ is not merely intended for general application. We can sit in our pews and consider this a good sermon. We will go home and praise it; but it will not do us any good unless we make an individual application of the truths presented to us. To preach about the advance of religion amongst the nations of the earth will make us feel satisfied with our half-hearted way of serving God, and we will nestle down comfortably in the stool of idleness, and think the preacher is a good sort of a fellow. But religion is very personal. So we must not be satisfied with merely living under a Christian constitution and being governed by Christian laws. We must lift Christ up in our homes. The Lord said, "And upon this rock I will build my church." Not *your* church or *our* church, but the Lord's church.

Let us lift Christ up in our homes. Christless homes in a Christian country should be scarce. In ancient times people had their household gods. Each family had their special god that was distinct from their national god. The old heroes of the Bible during patriarchal times, when they moved into a new neighborhood, would build an altar to God before they raised their tents. Here they could bring their sacrifices and offerings. We should build up our home altars. There is nothing as essential to the prosperity of the family as an altar. The prayers made around our fireside are never lost. No matter where the children may roam, the tender memories of a pious home will ever be present. Have the family altars been destroyed? Let us build them up. We must make Jesus our household God. Lift him up. We lift him up on our walls. We have pictures of Bible scenes, but we need more than that. We must invite him into our homes to warm it up with his love, and cheer it with his promises.

Again this is not all. We must lift him up in our hearts. We are liable to lift up something else. How often we find ambition and covetousness or vile passion occupying the throne of Christ in the heart. It does not seem much trouble to lift up ourselves or our surroundings. Some people will lift up their nice, handsome house, or a good horse. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Whatever is highest in the heart will be the topic of thought. How we will praise up the beauty of our home. It is our supreme thought. See how proud that man is of his horse. He calls your attention to his fine head

and limbs, his good speed and glossy appearance. And as he holds the lines, he thinks, "what a great man am I!" The sin is not in admiring the horse, but in permitting it to occupy all our thoughts and take the place of Christ. We have even known ladies lift up a Jersey cow, and all the time Christ occupies a very insignificant position in the soul.

The other day I bought my little boy a magnet. How rejoiced he was when he found it would attract needles and pins, knives and other materials. It was not long before he was trying to hang everything in the house on to that magnet. When he attracted a needle, and that needle attracted another, until a perfect string of them were hanging to one another, united by some unseen, mysterious power, what rejoicing there was! So is it with those that are attracted to Christ. The divine Magnet is filled with unselfish and divine love. It comes in contact with some susceptible material, and they become thoroughly united. Witness the manner in which the secret power of Christ went out and attracted Zaccheus from the tree. How it attracted Magdalene to her feet. Even it broke the fetters of the grave and brought forth Lazarus. The blind, the lame, the lepers, the poor, were attracted to him. As with the toy so in a superlative way is it with Christ. Whoever is attracted to Christ and become united by love, becomes filled with this mysterious love, until it becomes itself a magnet. Thus the work goes on, every one filled with this Christian magnetism attracts others, and so the whole Christian church are united together by the adhesive power of divine love, and each one is united to Christ.

This is a mystery to the unregenerate heart. But how simple! An infidel tried to puzzle a poor, illiterate Christian with his objections. He tried to show that the Christian doctrine of "Christ in us and we in Christ" was an absurdity, and by asking this poor soul to explain this expression expected to ridicule Christianity. But the humble Christian said this was very easy to explain. He took a poker and put it in the fire. Soon it was red hot. "Here" was the reply, "I place this poker in the fire, and the fire gets into the poker." The religion of Christ is not a mystery only to those who make it so. When we are disconnected from Christ we lose our power to attract. As with the magnet, take a needle away from connection with the magnet and the power to attract is lost. The divine love must flow into us, so that it will go out and attract others. Lifting up Christ means that we are to let his love, his life control our actions. Nothing lovelier than a Christlike life—going about doing good.

No one could make the poor dying soldier on the battlefield believe that the gentle hands that administered to him and soothed him in his agony that those hands were not the hands of an angel of mercy. We can all become angels of mercy. Being filled with divine love, we can attract others by our love and kindness.

We have built this house for the purpose of lifting up Christ. We are dedicating it today to his service. This is his house. God forbid that anything but Christ should be lifted up here. I hope that the love displayed by the congregation may go out and attract many to the arms of the world's Savior.

Brethren, let our aim be to lift up the banner of gospel freedom. On it is emblazoned in letters of gold, "Excelsior"—upward, onward. Let us go on to the victory promised. March to the music of heaven. Fight with the armor of God, and we shall be safe. May we never forget the promise and prophecy in our text, "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

All habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.  
—Dryden.

Seldom ever was any knowledge given to keep,  
but to impart; the grace of this rich jewel is lost  
in concealment.—Bishop Hall.

What is pride? a whizzing rocket  
That would emulate a star.  
—Wadsworth.

There is not a moment without some duty.—  
Cicero.